

Limena

or the heroic daughter

Tragedy in 5 acts

By
Colley Cibber

1792

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XIMENA;

OR,

THE HEROIC LAUGHTER.

A

TRAGEDY,

By COLLEY CIBBER.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Manager.

*** The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.*

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XIMENA.

It will be scarcely necessary to add more to the above title, than that this Play is a translation from the *CID* of Corneille.—A Drama, which has so frequently been the subject of critical investigation, leaves to the observer, upon its transfusion into another tongue, little beyond remark upon the diction, and the sufficiency of its adaptation to British audiences.

CIBBER, in the two last Acts, has added something to the intrigue of the business—for the scenes he admitted to be finely *natural* in the original, he yet conceived in contrivance defective.—His alterations disturb the rude dignity of the original. So it was that, with a hand more daring still, TATE, from the *Herculaneum* of dramatic structures, seized the magnificent monument of LEAR, and patched it with an AMOUR—à la François.

In a strange Dedication, which we shall not suffer now to sully the fame of our *comic* COLLEY, he was weak enough to treat STEELE as an *Eagle*, and ADDISON as a *Wren*.—Such prophanation he was afterward wise enough to retrench.—We spare his memory the opprobrium of seeing it here.

PROLOGUE.

*AS oft in form'd assemblies of the jair,
The strait-lac'd prude will no loose passion bear,
Beyond set bounds no lover must address,
But secret flame in distant sighs express;
Yet if by chance some gay coquette sails in,
A joyous murmur breaks the silent scene,
Each heart reliev'd by her enliv'ning fire,
Feels easy hope, and unconfin'd desire;
Then shuddering prudes with secret envy burn,
And treat the fops, they could not catch, with scorn.
So plays are valued; not confin'd to rules,
Those prudes, the critics, call them feasts for fools;
And if an audience 'gainst those rules is warm'd,
Or by the lawless force of genius charm'd,
Their whole confederate body is alarm'd:
Then every feature's false, though ne'er so taking,
The heart's deceiv'd, though 'tis with pleasure aching,
They'll prove your charmer's not agreeable:
Thus far'd it with the Cid of fam'd Corneille.
In France 'twas charg'd with faults were past enduring,
But still had beauties that were so alluring,
It rais'd the envy of the grave Richlieu,
And, spite of his remarks, cram'd houses drew:*

*Of this assertion, if the truth you'll know,
Two lines will prove it from the great Boileau :
En vain contre le Cid un ministre se ligue,
Tout Paris pour Chimene a les yeux de Rodrigue.
In vain against the Cid the statesman arms,
Paris with Rodrick feels Ximena's charms.
This proves, when passion truly wrought appears,
In plays imperfect, 'twill command your tears :
Yet think not from what's said, we rules despise,
To raise your wonder from absurdities :
As France improv'd it from the Spanish pen,
We hope, now British, 'tis improv'd again :
And though lost tragedy has long seem'd dead,
Yet having lately rais'd her awful head,
To-night with pains and cost we humbly strive
To keep the spirit of that taste alive :
But if, like Phaeton, in Corneille's car,
Th' unequal muse unhappily should err,
At least you'll own from glorious heights she fell,
And there's some merit in attempting well.*

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

- Don FERDINAND, *King of Castille*, - - Mr. Hull.
Don ALVAREZ, *his late general, and father of Don Carlos*, - - - } Mr. Bensley.
Don GORMAZ, *Count of Gormaz, the present general, and father of Ximena*, - } Mr. Clarke.
Don CARLOS, *in love with Ximena*, - - Mr. Smith.
Don SANCHEZ, *his secret rival, though lately betrothed to Belzara*, - - } Mr. Savigny.
Don ALONZO, *an officer*, - - - - Mr. Wroughton.
Don GARCIA, *ditto*.
A Page.

Women.

- XIMENA, *daughter to Gormaz*, - - - Mrs. Yates.
BELZARA, *her friend, forsaken by Don Sanchez*, - - - } Mrs. Mattocks.

SCENE, *the Royal Palace in Seville.*



XIMENA;

OR,

THE HEROIC DAUGHTER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter ALVAREZ and CARLOS.

Alvarez.

ALLIANCE! ha! and with the race of Gormaz!
My mortal foe! The king enjoins it, saidst thou?
Let me not think thou couldst descend to ask it.
Take heed, my son, nor let the daughter's eyes
Succeed in what the father's sword has fail'd;
Since I to age have stood his hate unmov'd,
Be not thou vanquish'd by her female wiles,
Nor stain thy honour with insulted love.

Car. O, taint not with so hard a thought her virtues,
Which she has prov'd sincere, from obligations:
'Tis to her suit I owe my late advancement.
You know, my lord, the fortune of this sword
Redeem'd her from the Moors, when late their captive;
For which, at her return to court, she swell'd
The action with such praises to the king,

He bade her name the honours could reward it:
 She, conscious of our houses' hate, surpris'd,
 And yet disdaining that her heart should fall
 In thanks below the benefit receiv'd,
 Warm'd with th' occasion, begg'd his royal favour
 Would rank me in the field, the next her father.
 The king comply'd, and with a smile insisted,
 That from her own fair hand I should receive
 The grace. This forc'd me then to visit her:
 To say what follow'd from our interview,
 Might tire, at least, if not offend your ear.

Alv. Not so, my Carlos, but proceed.

Car. In brief;

The queen, who now in highest favour holds
 The fair Ximena, soon perceiv'd our passion,
 Approv'd and cherish'd it; our houses' discord,
 She knew of old, had often shook the state;
 Whereon she kindly to the king propos'd
 This happy union, as the sole expedient
 To cure those wounds, and fortify his throne:
 Nay, she, Ximena, if I knew her thoughts,
 Chiefly to that regard resigns her heart.
 O! she disclaims, contemns her beauty's power,
 And builds no merit but on stable virtue.

Alv. If so, I should indeed applaud her spirit.

Car. Oh! had you search'd her soul like me, you
 would

Repose your life, your fame, upon her truth.

Alv. On thee at least I'm sure I may; I know
 Thou lov'st thy honour equal to Ximena,

And to that guard I dare commit thy love,
Keep but that union sacred——

Car. When I break it,
May your displeasure, and Ximena's scorn,
Unite their force to torture me with shame:——
But see, she comes! her eye, my Lord, has reach'd
you.

Enter XIMENA.

Mark her concern, the softness of her fear,
O'ercast with doubt and diffidence to meet you;
One gentle word from you would chase the cloud,
And let forth all the lustre of her soul.

Alv. Hail, fair Ximena! beauteous brightness, hail!
Propitious be this meeting to us all.
With equal joy and wonder I survey thee.
How lovely's virtue in so bright a form!
Thy father's fierceness all is lost in thee;
Well have thy eyes reproach'd our houses' jars,
And calm'd the tempests that have wreck'd our peace;
What we with false resentments but inflam'd,
Thy nobler virtues have appeas'd with honour.

Xim. These praises from another mouth, my Lord,
Might dye these glowing cheeks with crimson shame;
But as they flow thus kindly from Alvarez,
From the heroic sire of my deliverer,
As you bestow 'em, my exulting heart,
Tho' undeserv'd, receives with joy the sound;
But for those virtues you ascribe to me,
Alas! they are but copy'd all from thence;

Carlos, I saw, was brave, victorious, great,
 Compassionate—I am at best but grateful——
 Could I be less reduc'd with obligations?
 Could I retain our houses' ancient hate,
 When Carlos' deeds so greatly had forgot it?
 If Heaven had will'd our feuds should never end,
 It would have chose some other arm to save me:
 But if its kinder providence decrees,
 Ximena's yielded heart should cure those ills,
 And bind our passions in the chains of peace;
 Be witness that, all gracious Heaven, I've gain'd
 The end, the haven of my hopes on earth,
 And fill'd the proudest sails of my ambition.

Alv. O, Carlos, Carlos, we are both subdu'd!
 Where can such heavenly sweetness find a foe?
 What Gormaz may resolve, his heart can tell,
 But mine no longer can resist such virtue;
 His pride perhaps may triumph o'er my weakness,
 And wrong Ximena to insult Alvarez:
 Be mine that shame, but then be mine this glory,
[He joins their hands.]

That I surrender to his daughter's merit
 All that her heart demands, or mine can give:
 If he's obdurate, let her wrongs reproach him.

Enter SANCHEZ and ALONZO observing them.

No thanks, my fair; for both or neither are
 Oblig'd: whatever may be due to me,
 Let love and mutual gratitude repay.

D. San. Death to my eyes! Alvarez joins their
 hands!

[Aside.]

Alon. Forbear! is this a time for jealousy? [*Aside.*

D. San. Thou, that hast patience, then, relieve my
torture, [*Aside.*

Car. Oh, Ximena: how my heart's oppress'd with
shame.—

Thou giv'st me a confusion equal to
My joy; I yet am laggard in my duty;
I must despair to reach with equal virtues
Dread Gormaz' heart, as thou hast touch'd Alvarez'.

Xim. That hope we must to Providence resign.
The king intends this day to sound his temper,
Which, tho' severe, I know is generous,
In honour great, as in resentments warm,
Fierce to the proud, but to the gentle yielding;
The goodness of Alvarez must subdue him.

Alon. My lord, I heard the king enquiring for you.

Alv. Sir, I attend his Majesty—I thank you.

Xim. Saw you the count, my father, in the presence?

Alon. Madam, I left him with the king this instant,
Withdrawn to th' window, and in conference.

Xim. 'Twas his command I should attend him there.

Alv. Come, fair Ximena, if thy father's ear
Inclines like mine, unprejudic'd to hear;
His hate subdu'd will public good regard,
And crown thy virgin virtues with reward.

[*Exeunt Alv. Car. Xim.*

D. San. Help me, Alonzo, help me, or I sink;
Th' oppression is too great for Nature's frame,
And all my manhood reels beneath the load.
O, rage! O, torment of successful love!

Alon. Alas! I warn'd you of this storm before,
Yet you, incredulous and deaf, despis'd it;
But since your hopes are blasted in their bloom,
Since vow'd Ximena never can be yours,
Forget the folly, and resume your reason;
Recover to your vows your love betroth'd,
Return to honour, and the wrong'd Belzara.

D. San. Why dost thou still obstruct my happiness,
And thwart the passion that has seiz'd my soul?
A friend should help a friend in his extremes,
And not create, but dissipate his fears.
'Tis true, I see Ximena's heart is given,
But then her person's in a father's power:
He, I've no cause to fear, will slight my offers.
Thou know'st th' aversion that he bears Alvarez
Bars like a rock her wishes from their harbour:
While Carlos has a fear, shall I despair?
Has not the count his passions too to please,
And will he starve his hate to feed her love?
May I not hope he rather may embrace
The fair occasion of my timely vows,
To torture Carlos with a sure despair,
And force Ximena to assist his triumph.
Nay, she, perhaps, when his commands are fix'd,
In pride of virtue may resist her love,
Suppress the passion, and resign to duty.

Alon. Why will you tempt such seas of wild dis-
quiet,
When honour courts you in a calm to joy?
Belzara's charms are yielded to your hopes,

Contracted to your vows, and warm'd to love :
 Ximena scarce has knowledge of your flame,
 Without reproach she racks you with despair,
 And must be perjur'd could her heart relieve you.

D. San. Let her relieve me, I'll forgive the guilt,
 Forget it, smother in her arms the thought,
 And drown the charming falsehood in the joy.

Alon. What wild extravagance of youthful heat
 Obscures your honour, and destroys your reason?

D. San. I am not of that lifeless mould of men,
 That plod the beaten road of virtuous love ;
 With me 'tis joyous, beauty gives desire,
 Desire by nature gives instinctive hope ;
 The phœnix, woman, sets herself on fire,
 Hope gives us love, our love makes them desire,
 And in the flames they raise, themselves expire.

Alon. Nor love, nor hope, can give you here success.

D. San. Let those despair whose passions have their
 bounds,

Whose hopes in hazards, or in dangers die :
 Shew me the object worthy of my flame,
 Let her be barr'd by obligations, friends,
 By vows engag'd, by pride, aversion, all
 The common letts that give the virtuous awe,
 My love would mount the tow'ring falcon's height,
 Cut thro' them all, like yielding air, my way,
 And downward dart me rapid on my quarry.

Alon. Farewell, my lord, some other time perhaps
 This rapture may subside, and want a friend ;
 I shall be glad to advise when you can hear.

But see, Belzara comes, with eyes confus'd,
That speak some new disorder in her heart.
Would you be happy, friend, be just ; preserve
Inviolat the honest vows you've made her.
Farewell, I leave you to embrace th' occasion. [*Exit.*]

Enter BELZARA.

Bel. I come, Don Sanchez, to inform you of
A wrong that near concerns our mutual honour ;
'Tis whisper'd thro' the court, that you retract
Your solemn vows by contract made to me,
And with a perjur'd heart pursue Ximena :
Such false reports should perish in their birth :
I've done my honest part, and disbeliev'd 'em,
Do yours, and by your vows perform'd destroy them.

D. San. Madam, this tender care of me deserves
Acknowledgments beyond my power to pay ;
But virtue always is the mark of malice,
Contempt the best return that we can make it.

Bel. Virtue should have so strict a guard, as not
To suffer ev'n suspicion to approach it.
For tho', Don Sanchez, I dare think you just,
Yet while the envious world believes you false,
I feel their insults, and endure the shame.

D. San. Malice succeeds when its report's believ'd ;
Seem you to slight it, and the monster's mute.

Bel. I could have hop'd some cause to make me
slight it :
This cold concern to satisfy my fears,
Proclaims the danger, and confirms them true.

D. San. Then you believe me false?

Bel. Believe it! Heaven!

Am I to doubt, what, ev'n your looks, your words,
Your faint evasions, faithlessly confess?

Ungrateful man! when you betray'd my heart,
You should have taught me too to bear the wrong.

D. San. When tears with menaces relieve their grief,
They flow from pride, not tenderness distress'd.

Bel. Insulting, horrid thought! am I accus'd
Of pride, complaining from a breaking heart?

D. San. Behold th' unthrifty proof of woman's love!

Pursue you with the sighs of faithful passion,
You starve our pining hopes with painted coyness;
But if our honest hearts disdain the yoke,
Or seek from sweet variety relief,

Alarm'd to lose what you despis'd secure,
Your trembling pride retracts its haughty air,
And yields to love, pursuing when we fly.

These lavish tears when I deserv'd your heart,
Had held me sighing to be more your slave;
But to bestow them when that heart's broke loose,
When more I merit your contempt than love,
Arraigns your justice, and acquits my falsehood.

Bel. Injurious, false, and barbarous reproach!
Have I with-held my pity from your sighs,
Or us'd with rigour my once boundless power?
Am I not sworn by testify'd consent,
By solemn vows contracted, yielded yours?
But what avails the force of truth's appeal,
Where th' offender is himself the judge?

But yet, remember, tyrant, while you triumph,
I am Don Henrick's daughter, whom you dare betray ;
Henrick, whose fam'd revenge of injur'd honour,
Dares step as deep in blood, as you in provocations.

D. San. Since then your seeming grief's with rage
reliev'd,

Hear me with temper, madam, once for all.
You urge our solemn contract sworn ; I own
The fact, but must deny the obligation :
'Twas not to me, but to a father's will,
To Henrick's dread commands, your pride submitted.
Since then your merit's to obedience due,
Seek your reward from duty, not from Sanchez :
Your slights to me live yet recorded here,
Nor can your forc'd submissions now remove them.
Ximena's softer heart has rais'd me to
A flame, that gives at once revenge and rapture.
How far Don Henrick may resent the change,
I neither know, nor with concern shall hear :
Nay, trust your injur'd patience to inflame him.

Bel. Inhuman, vain provoker of my heart,
I need not urge the ills that must o'ertake thee ;
Thy giddy passions will, without my aid,
Punish their guilt, and to themselves be fatal.
Ximena's heart is fix'd as far above
Thy hopes, as truth and virtue from thy soul.
To her avenging scorn I yield thy love ;
There, faithless wretch, indulge thy vain desires,
And starve, like tortur'd Tantalus, in plenty ;
Gaze on her charms forbidden to thy taste,

Famish'd and pining at the tempting feast,
Still rack'd, and reaching at the flying fair,
Pursue thy falsehood, and embrace despair. [Exit.

D. San. So raging winds in furious storms arise,
Whirl o'er our heads, and are when past forgotten.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. Why, Sanchez, are you still resolv'd on ruin?
I met Belzara in disorder'd haste :

At sight of me she stopt, and would have spoke
But grief, alas, was grown too strong for words :
When turning from my view her mournful eyes,
She burst into a show'r of gushing tears,
And in the conflict of her shame retir'd.

Oh, yet collect your temper into thought,
And shun the precipice that gapes before you :
A moment hence, convinc'd, your eyes will see
Ximena parted from your hopes for ever.

D. San. Why dost thou double thus my new dis-
quiets ?

For pains foreseen are felt before they come.

*Enter King, GORMAZ, ALVAREZ, CARLOS, XI-
MENA, &c.*

Alon. Behold the king, Alvarez, and her father,
Be wise, tho' late, and profit from the issue.

King. Count Gormaz, you, and you Alvarez, hear,
Tho' in the camp your swords, in court your counsel,
Have justly rais'd your fame to envy'd heights,
Yet let me still deplore your race and you,

That from a long descent of lineal heat,
Your private feuds as oft have shook the state ;
And what's the source of this upheld defiance ?
Alas ! the stubborn claim of ancient rank,
Held from a two day's antedated honour,
Which gave the younger house pre-eminence.
How many valiant lives have eas'd our foes
Of fear, destroy'd by this contested title ;
And what's decided by this endless valour ?
Whose honour yet confesses the superior ?
While both dare die, the quarrel is immortal :
Or say that force on one part has prevail'd,
Is there such merit in unequal strength ?
If violence is virtue, brutes may boast it :
Lions with lions grapple, and dispute ;
But men are only great, truly victorious,
When with superior reason they subdue.
Can you then think you are in honour bound
To heir the follies of your ancestors ?
Since they have left you virtues and renown,
Transmit not to posterity their blame.

Alv. and Gor. My gracious lord——

King. Yet hold ; I'll hear you both.
Of your compliance, Gormaz, I've no doubt ;
This quarrel in your nobler breast was dying,
Had not, Alvarez, you reviv'd it.

Alv. I !

Wherein, my gracious lord, stand I suspected ?

King. What else could mean that sullen gloom you
wore,

That conscious discontent, so ill conceal'd
 In your abrupt retirement from our court,
 When late the valiant count was made our general ?
 Was't not your own request you might resign it ?
 Which tho', 'tis true, you long had fill'd with honour,
 Was it for you to circumscribe our choice ?
 T' oppose from private hate the public good,
 And in his case whose merit had preferr'd him ?
 When his fierce temper, from reflection calm,
 Inclind to let the embers of his heat expire,
 Was it well done thus to revive the flame,
 To wake his jealous honour to resentment,
 And shake that union we had laid to heart ?
 If thou hast ought to urge, that may defend
 Thy late behaviour, or accuse his conduct,
 Unfold it free, we are prepar'd to hear.

Alv. Alas, my lord ! the world misjudges me,
 My hate suppos'd is not so deeply rooted ;
 Age has allay'd those fevers of my honour,
 And weary nature now would rest from passions.
 The noble count, whose warmer blood may boil,
 Perhaps is still my foe : I am not his,
 Nor envy him those honours of his merit.
 Where virtue is, I dare be just, and see it.
 Your majesty has spoke your wisdom in
 Your choice, for I have seen his arm deserve it.
 In all the sieges, battles I have won,
 I knew not better to command, than he
 To execute : those wreaths of victory
 That flourish still upon this hoary brow,

Impartial I confess, his active sword
Has lopt from heads of Moors, and planted there.

King. How has report, my Gormaz, wrong'd this
man ?

Alv. Nor was the cause of my retirement more,
Than that I found it time to ease my age,
Unfit for farther action, and bequeath
My son the needless pomp of my possessions.

King. Is't possible ? Could'st thou conceal this
goodness ?

Could secret virtue take so firm a root,
While slander like a canker kill'd its beauties ?
Gormaz, if yet thou art not passion's slave,
Take to thyself the glory to reward him.

Gor. My lord, the passions that have warm'd this
breast,

Yet never stirr'd but in the cause of honour.
Honour's the spring that moves my active life,
And life's a torment while that right's invaded.
Shew me the man whose merit claims my love,
Whose milder virtues modestly assail me,
And honour throws me at his feet submissive.

I proof of this, there needs but now to own,
The generous advances of Alvarez,
Have turn'd my fierce resentments into shame.
What can I more ? My words but faintly speak me.
But since my king seems pleas'd with my conversion,
My heart and arms are open to embrace him.

King. Receive him, soldier, to thy heart, and give
Your king this glory of your mutual conquest.

[*They embrace.*]

Xim. Auspicious omen !

Car. O transporting hope !

D. San. Adders and serpents mix in their embraces.

[*Apart.*

King. O, Gormaz ! O, Alvarez ! stop not here,

Confine not to yourselves your stinted virtue,

But in this noble ardour of your hearts,

Secure to your posterity your peace :

[*Carlos and Ximena kneel.*

Behold the lifted hands, that beg the blessing,

The hearts that burn to ratify the joy,

And to your heirs unborn transmit the glory.

Gor. Receive her, Carlos, from a father's hand,

Whose heart by obligations was subdu'd.

Alv. Accept, Ximena, all my age holds dear,

Not to my bounty, but thy merit due.

King. O, manly conquest ! O, exalted worth !

What honours can we offer to applaud it ?

To grace this triumph of Ximena's eyes,

Let public jubilee conclude the day.

Sound all our sprightly instruments of war,

Fifes, clarions, trumpets, speak the general joy.

Alv. Raise high the clangor of your lofty notes,

Sound peace at home——

Gor. And terror to our foes.

King. Let the loud cannon from the ramparts roar.

Gor. And make the frightened shores of Afric ring.

Car. Long live, and ever glorious live, the king !

[*Trumpets and volleys at a distance.*

Alv. O, may this glorious day for ever stand
Fam'd in the rolls of late recorded time.

King. This happy union fix'd, my lords, we now
Must crave your counsel in our state's defence——
Letters this morn alarm us with designs
The Moors are forming to invade our realms :
But let them be, we're now prepared to meet them.

*The prince that would sit free from foreign fears,
Should first with peace compose intestine jars ;
Of hearts united while secure at home,
His rash invaders to their graves must come.* [Exeunt

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Don SANCHEZ.

Sanchez.

RELENTLESS fortune! thou hast done thy part,
Neglected nothing to oppose my love.
But thou shalt find, in thy despite, I'll on.
Wert thou not blind indeed, thou hadst foreseen
The honour done this hour to old Alvarez,
His being nam'd the prince's governor,
(Which I well knew th' ambitious Gormaz aim'd at)
Must like a wildfire's rage embroil their union,
Rekindle jealousies in Gormaz' heart,
Whose fatal flame must bury all in ashes :
But see, he comes, and seems to ruminate
With pensive grudge the king's too partial favour.

Enter GORMAZ on the other Side.

Gor. The king, methinks, is sudden in his choice—
 'Tis true, I never sought (but therefore is
 Not less the merit) nor obliquely hinted,
 That I desir'd the office——He has heard
 Me say, the prince, his son, I thought was now
 Of age to change his prattling female court,
 And claim'd a governor's instructive guidance——
 Th' advice, it seems, was fit—but not th' adviser—
 Be't so—why is Alvarez then the man?
 He may be qualify'd—I'll not dispute——
 But was not Gormaz too of equal merit?
 Let me not think Alvarez plays me foul——
 That cannot be——he knew I would not bear it—
 And yet why he's so suddenly preferr'd——
 I'll think no more on't—Time will soon resolve me.

D. San. Not to disturb, my lord, your graver
 thoughts,
 May I presume——

Gor. Don Sanchez may command me.
 This youthful lord is sworn our house's friend;
 If there's a cause for jealous thought, he'll find it.

[Aside.

D. San. I hear, my lord, the king has fresh advice
 receiv'd
 Of a design'd invasion from the Moors,
 Holds it confirm'd, or is it only rumour?

Gor. Such new alarms indeed his letters bring,
 But yet their grounds seem'd doubtful at the council.

D. San. May it not prove some policy of state ?
Some bugbear danger of our own creating ?
The king, I have observ'd, is skill'd in rule,
Perfect in all the arts of tempering minds,
And—for the public good—can give alarms
Where fears are not, and hush them where they are.

Gor. 'Tis so! he hints already at my wrongs.

D. San. Not but such prudence well becomes a
prince ;

For peace at home is worth his dearest purchase.
Yet he that gives his just resentments up,
Tho' honour'd by the royal mediation,
And sees his enemy enjoy the fruits,
Must have more virtues than his king to bear it——
Perhaps, my lord, I am not understood,
Nay, hope my jealous fears have no foundation ;
But when the ties of friendship shall demand it,
Don Sanchez wears a sword that will revenge you.

[*Going.*

Gor. Don Sanchez, stay—I think thou art my friend :
Thy noble father oft has serv'd me in
The cause of honour, and his cause was mine.
What thou hast said, speaks thee Balthazar's son,
I need not praise thee more——If I deserve
Thy love, refuse not what my heart's concern'd
To ask ; speak freely of the king, of me,
Of old Alvarez, of our late alliance,
And what has follow'd since : then sum the whole,
And tell me truly, where the account's unequal.

D. San. My lord, you honour with too great a trust

The judgment of my inexperience'd years ;
 Yet for the time I have observ'd on men,
 I've always found the generous open heart
 Betray'd, and made the prey of minds below it.
 Oh ! 'tis the curse of manly virtue, that
 Cowards, with cunning, are too strong for heroes :
 And since you press me to unfold my thoughts,
 I grieve to see your spirit so defeated,
 Your just resentments by vile arts of court
 Beguil'd, and melted to resign their terror.
 Your honest hate, that had for ages stood
 Unmov'd, and firmer from your foes' defiance,
 Now sapp'd, and undermin'd by his submission.
 Alvarez knew you were impregnable
 To force, and chang'd the soldier for the statesman ;
 While you were yet his foe profess'd,
 He durst not take these honours o'er your head ;
 Had you still held him at his distance due,
 He would have trembled to have sought this office ;
 When once the king inclin'd to make his peace,
 I saw too well the secret on the anvil,
 And soon foretold the favour that succeeded :
 Alas ! this project has been long concerted,
 Resolv'd in private 'twixt the king and him,
 Laid out and manag'd here by secret agents,
 While he, good man, knew nothing of the honour,
 But from his sweet repose was dragg'd t' accept it.
 Oh, it inflames my blood to think this fear
 Should get the start of your unguarded spirit,

And proudly vaunt it in the plumes he stole
From you !

Gor. Oh, Sanchez, thou hast fir'd a thought,
That was before but dawning in my mind !
Oh, now afresh it strikes my memory,
With what dissembled warmth the artful king
First charg'd his temper with the gloom he wore,
When I supply'd his late command of general !
Then with what fawning flattery to me
Alvarez ! fear disguis'd his trembling hate,
And sooth'd my yielding temper to believe him.

D. San. Not flattery, my lord ; tho' I must grant
'Twas praise well-tim'd, and therefore skilful.

Gor. Now, on my soul, from him 'twas loathsome
daubing !

I take thy friendship, Sanchez, to my heart ;
And were not my Ximena rashly promis'd——

D. San. Ximena's charms might grace a monarch's
bed,

Nor dares my humble heart admit the hope,
Or, if it durst, some fitter time should shew it :
Results more pressing now demand your thought ;
First ease the pain of your depending doubt,
Divide this fawning courtier from the friend.

Gor. Which way shall I receive, or thank thy love ?

D. San. My lord, you over-rate me now—But see,
Alvarez comes—now probe his hollow heart,
Now while your thoughts are warm with his deceit,
And mark how calmly he'll evade the charge.
My lord, I'm gone.

[Exit.]

Gor. I am thy friend for ever.

Enter ALVAREZ.

Alv. My lord, the king is walking forth to see
The prince, his son, begin his horsemanship :
If you're inclin'd to see him, I'll attend you.

Gor. Since duty calls me not, I've no delight
To be an idle gaper on another's business.
You may indeed find pleasure in the office,
Which you've so artfully contriv'd to fit.

Alv. Contriv'd, my lord ! I'm sorry such a thought
Can reach the man whom I so late embrac'd.

Gor. Men are not always what they seem—This
honour,
Which, in another's wrong, you've barter'd for,
Was at the price of those embraces bought.

Alv. Ha ! bought ! For shame, suppress this poor
suspicion !

For if you think, you can't but be convinc'd
The naked honour of Alvarez scorns
Such base disguise—Yet pause a moment——
Since our great master, with such kind concern,
Himself has interpos'd to heal our feuds,
Let us not, thankless, rob him of the glory,
And undeserve the grace by new false fears.

Gor. Kings are, alas ! but men, and form'd like us,
Subject alike to be by men deceiv'd :
The blushing court from this rash choice will see
How blindly he o'erlooks superior merit.
Could no man fill the place but worn Alvarez ?

Alv. Worn more with wounds and victories than age.

Who stands before him in great actions past?
But I'm to blame to urge that merit now,
Which will but shock what reasoning may convince.

Gor. The fawning slave! Oh, Sanchez, how I
thank thee! *[Aside.]*

Alv. You have a virtuous daughter, I a son,
Whose softer hearts our mutual hands have rais'd
Ev'n to the summit of expected joy;
If no regard to me, yet let, at least,
Your pity of their passions rein your temper.

Gor. Oh, needless care! to nobler objects now,
That son, be sure, in vanity, pretends;
While his high father's wisdom is preferr'd
To guide and govern our great monarch's son,
His proud aspiring heart forgets Ximena.
Think not of him, but your superior care;
Instruct the royal youth to rule with awe
His future subjects, trembling at his frown;
Teach him to bind the loyal heart in love,
The bold and factious in the chains of fear;
Join to these virtues too your warlike deeds,
Inflame him with the vast fatigues you've borne,
But now are past, to shew him by example,
And give him in the closet safe renown;
Read him what scorching suns he must endure,
What bitter nights must wake, or sleep in arms,
To countermark the foe, to give th' alarm,
And to his own great conduct owe the day;

Mark him on charts the order of the battle,
And make him from your manuscripts a hero.

Alv. Ill-temper'd man ! thus to provoke the heart,
Whose tortur'd patience is thy only friend !

Gor. Thou only to thyself canst be a friend :
I tell thee, false Alvarez, thou hast wrong'd me,
Hast basely robb'd me of my merit's right,
And intercepted our young prince's fame.
His youth with me had found the active proof,
The living practice of experienc'd war ;
This sword had taught him glory in the field,
At once his great example and his guard ;
His unfledg'd wings from me had learnt to soar,
And strike at nations trembling at my name :
This I had done ; but thou, with servile arts,
Hast, fawning, crept into our master's breast,
Elbow'd superior merit from his ear,
And, like a courtier, stole his son from glory.

Alv. Hear me, proud man ! for now I burn to speak,
Since neither truth can sway, nor temper touch thee ;
Thus I retort with scorn thy sland'rous rage :
Thou, thou the tutor of a kingdom's heir !
Thou guide the passions of o'er-boiling youth,
That canst not in thy age yet rule thy own !
For shame ! retire, and purge th' imperious heart,
Reduce thy arrogant, self-judging pride,
Correct the meanness of thy groveling soul,
Chase damn'd suspicion from thy manly thoughts,
And learn to treat with honour thy superior.

Gor. Superior, ha ! dar'st thou provoke me, traitor ?

Alv. Unhand me, ruffian, lest thy hold prove fatal.

Gor. Take that, audacious dotard ! [*Strikes him.*]

Alv. Oh, my blood,

Flow forward to my arm, to chain this tyger !

If thou art brave, now bear thee like a man,

And quit my honour of this vile disgrace.

[*They fight, Alvarez is disarm'd.*]

Oh, feeble life, I have too long endur'd thee !

Gor. Thy sword is mine ; take back th' inglorious trophy,

Which would disgrace thy victor's thigh to wear.

Now forward to thy charge, read to the prince

This martial lecture of thy fam'd exploits ;

And from this wholesome chastisement, learn thou

To tempt the patience of offended honour. [*Exit.*]

Alv. Oh, rage ! Oh, wild despair ! Oh, helpless age !

Wert thou but lent me to survive my honour ?

Am I with martial toils worn grey, and see

At last one hour's blight lay waste my laurels ?

Is this fam'd arm to me alone defenceless ?

Has it so often prop'd this empire's glory,

Fenc'd, like a rampart, the Castilian throne,

To me alone disgraceful, to its master useless ?

Oh, sharp remembrance of departed glory !

Oh, fatal dignity, too dearly purchas'd !

Now, haughty Gormaz, now guide thou my prince ;

Insulted honour is unfit t' approach him.

And thou, once glorious weapon, fare thee well,

Old servant, worthy of an abler master,

Leave now for ever his abandon'd side,

And, to revenge him, grace some nobler arm.
My son !

Enter CARLOS.

Oh, Carlos ! canst thou bear dishonour ?

Car. What villain dares occasion, sir, the question ?
Give me his name ; the proof shall answer him.

Alv. Oh, just reproach ! Oh, prompt resentful fire !
My blood rekindles at thy manly flame,
And glads my labouring heart with youth's return.
Up, up, my son—I cannot speak my shame——
Revenge, revenge me !

Car. Oh, my rage !—Of what ?

Alv. Of an indignity so vile, my heart
Redoubles all its torture to repeat it.
A blow, a blow, my boy !

Car. Distraction ! fury !

Alv. In vain, alas ! this feeble arm assail'd,
With mortal vengeance, the aggressor's heart :
He dally'd with my age, o'erborn, insulted,
Therefore to thy young arm, for sure revenge,
My soul's distress commits my sword and cause :
Pursue him, Carlos, to the world's last bounds,
And from his heart tear back our bleeding honour.
Nay, to inflame thee more, thou'lt find his brow
Cover'd with laurels, and far-fam'd his prowess :
Oh, I have seen him, dreadful in the field,
Cut thro' whole squadrons his destructive way,
And snatch the gore-dy'd standard from the foe !

Car. Oh, rack not with his fame my tortur'd heart,
That burns to know him, and eclipse his glory!

Alv. Tho' I foresee 'twill strike thy soul to hear it;
Yet since our gasping honour calls for thy
Relief——Oh, Carlos!—'tis Ximena's father——

Car. Ha!

Alv. Pause not for a reply——I know thy love,
I know the tender obligations of thy heart,
And even lend a sigh to thy distress.
I grant Ximena dearer than thy life;
But wounded honour must surmount them both.
I need not urge thee more; thou know'st my wrong;
'Tis in thy heart, and in thy hand the vengeance;
Blood only is the balm for grief like mine,
Which, 'till obtain'd, I will in darkness mourn,
Nor lift my eyes to light, till thy return.
But haste, o'ertake this blaster of my name,
Fly swift to vengeance, and bring back my fame.

[*Exit.*

Car. Relentless Heav'n! is all thy thunder gone?
Not one bolt left to finish my despair!
Lie still, my heart, and close this deadly wound;
Stir not to thought, for motion is thy ruin.
But see, the frightened poor Ximena comes,
And with her tremblings strikes thee cold as death.
My helpless father too, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
Begs his dismissal to his grave with honour.
Ximena weeps; heart-pierc'd Alvarez groans;
Rage lifts my sword, and love arrests my arm:

Oh, double torture of distracting wo !
Is there no mean betwixt these sharp extremes ?
Must honour perish, if I spare my love ?
Oh, ignominious pity ! shameful softness !
Must I, to right Alvarez, kill Ximena ?
Oh, cruel vengeance ! Oh, heart-wounding honour !
Shall I forsake her in her soul's extremes,
Depress the virtue of her filial tears,
And bury in a tomb our nuptial joy ?
Shall that just honour that subdu'd her heart,
Now build its fame relentless on her sorrows.
Instruct me, Heav'n, that gav'st me this distress,
To choose, and bear me worthy of my being !
Oh, Love, forgive me, if my hurry'd soul
Should act with error in this storm of fortune ;
For Heav'n can tell what pangs I feel to save thee !
But hark ! the shrieks of drowning honour call !
'Tis sinking, gasping, while I stand in pause ;
Plunge in, my heart, and save it from the billows.
It will be so—the blow's too sharp a pain,
And vengeance has at least this just excuse,
That ev'n Ximena blushes while I bear it :
Her generous heart, that was by honour won,
Must, when that honour's stain'd, abjure my love.

*Oh, peace of mind, farewell ! Revenge, I come,
And raise thy altar on a mournful tomb !*

[Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter GARCIA and GORMAZ.

Gormaz.

THE king is master of his will and me :
But be it as it may—what's done's irrevocable.

Gar. My lord, you ill receive this mark of favour,
And while thus obstinate, inflame your fault.
When sovereign power descends to ask of subjects
The due submission which its will may force,
Your danger's greater from such slighted mildness,
Than should you disobey its full commands.

Gor. The consequence, perhaps, may prove it so.

Gar. Have you no fear of what his frown may do

Gor. Has he no fear of what my wrongs may do ?
Men of my rank are not in hours undone ;
When I am crush'd, I fall with vengeance round me

Gar. The rash indignity you've done Alvarez,
Without some proof of wrong, bears no excuse.

Gor. I am myself the judge of what I feel ;
I feel him false, and, feeling, must resent.

Gar. Shall it be deem'd a falsehood to accept
A dignity by royal hands conferr'd ?

Gor. He should have wav'd it ; first consulted me.
He might have held me still his friend sincere,
Have shar'd my fortunes, as a friend entreating ;
But basely thus to out me of my right,

By treacherous acts to do me private wrong,
Is what I never can forgive, and have resented.

Gar. But in this violence you offend the king,
The sanction of whose choice claim'd more regard.

Gor. Why am I fretted with these chains of honour,
Less free than others in my just resentments ;
Who, unprovok'd myself, do no man wrong,
But injur'd, am as storms implacable ?

Gar. My lord, this stubborn temper will undo you.

Gor. Then, sir, Alvarez will be satisfy'd.

Gar. Be yet persuaded, and compose this broil.

Gor. My resolution's fix'd ; let's wave the subject.

Gar. Will you refuse all terms of reparation ?

Gor. All, all, that are not from my honour due !

Gar. Dare you not trust that honour with the king ?

Gor. My life's my king's, my honour is my own.

Gar. What's then, in short, your answer ? For the
king

Expects it on my first return.

Gor. 'Tis this,

That I dare die, but cannot bow to shame.

Gar. My lord, I take my leave.

Gor. Don Garcia's servant. [Exit Garcia.]

Who fears not death, smiles at the frowns of power.

Enter CARLOS.

Car. My lord, your leave to talk with you.

Gor. Be free.

I did expect you on this late occasion.

D ij

Car. I'm glad to find you do my honour right ;
And hope you'll not refuse it wrong'd Alvarez.

Gor. He had a sword to right himself.

Car. That sword is here.

Gor. 'Tis well ; the place—and let our time be short.

Car. One moment's respite, for Ximena's sake :
She has not wrong'd me, and my heart would spare her :
We both, without a stain to either's honour,
May pity her distress, and pause to save her :
Nor need I blush that I suspend my cause,
Since with its vengeance her sure woes are blended.
Not for myself, but for her tender sake,
I bend me to the earth, and beg for mercy.
Let not her virtues suffer for her love ;
Oh, lay not on her innocence the grief
Of a mourn'd father's, or a lover's blood !
Oh, spare her sighs, prevent her streaming tears ;
Stop this effusion of my bleeding honour,
And heal, if possible, its wounds with peace !

Gor. What you have offer'd for Ximena's sake,
Will, in her gratitude, be full repaid ;
And for the peace you ask, that's yours to give.
Submission 'tis in vain to hope ; for know,
I have this hour refus'd it to the king.
Thy father's arts betray'd my friendship's faith ;
I felt the wrong, and, as I ought, reveng'd it.
We're now on equal terms : but if his cause
So deep is in thy heart, that thou resolv'st,
With fruitless vengeance, to provoke my rage,
Then thou, not I, art author of thy ruin.

Car. Support me now, Ximena, guard my heart,
And bar this pressing provocation's entrance. [*Aside.*
Have I, my lord, in person wrong'd you?

Gor. No.

Car. Why then these fatal cruelties to me,
That I must lose, or wrong Ximena's love?
For she must scorn me, should I bear my shame;
Or fly me, tho' my honour should revenge it.

Gor. Place that to thy misfortune, not to me.

Car. Not to you!

Am I not forc'd by wrongs I blush to name,
To prosecute this fatal reparation,
Which, had you temper or a feeling here,
Had you the spirit to confess your error,
Your heart's confusion had subdu'd Alvarez,
And thrown you at his injur'd feet for pardon?

Gor. If thou com'st here to talk me from my sense,
Or think'st with words t' extenuate his guilt,
Thou offer'st to the winds thy forceless plea.
I will not bear the mention of his truth;
His falsehood's here, 'tis rooted in my heart,
And justifies a worse revenge than I have taken.

Car. Oh, patience, Heav'n! Oh, tortur'd rage!

Not speak

The pious pangs of my torn soul insulted!
Have I for this bow'd down my humble knee,
To swell thy triumph o'er my father's wrongs,
And hear him tainted with a traitor's practice?
Oh, give me back that vile submissive shame,
That I may meet thee with retorted scorn,

And right my honour with untainted vengeance!
Yet no——withhold it, take it to acquit my love;
That sacrifice was to Ximena due;
Her helpless sufferings claim'd that pang; and since
I cannot bring dishonour to her arms,
Thus my rack'd heart pours forth its last adieus,
And makes libation of its bleeding peace:
Farewell, dear injur'd softness—follow me.

Gor. Lead on——yet hold——should we together
forth,

It may create suspicion, and prevent us.

Propose the place; I'll take some different circle.

Car. Behind the ramparts near the Western Gate.

Gor. Expect me on the instant.

Car. Poor Ximena!

[*Exit.*

Gor. Deep as resentment lodges in my heart,
It feels some pity there for Carlos' passion——
It shall be so——his brave resentment's just;

[*Writes in tablets.*

And hard his fate both ways——This legacy

Shall right my honour and my enemy.

[*Exit.*

Enter BELZARA and XIMENA.

Bel. Look up, Ximena, and suppress thy fears;
What tho' a transient cloud o'ercast thy joy,
Shall we conclude from thence a wreck must follow?

Xim. Can I resist the fears that reason forms?
Have I not cause to tremble in the storm,
While horror, ruin, and despair's in view?
Can I support the good Alvarez' shame,

Whose generous heart took pity on our love,
 And not let fall a grateful tear to mourn it?
 Can I behold fierce Carlos, stung with his disgrace,
 Breaking like fire from these weak-holding arms,
 And not sink down with terror at his rage?
 Must I not tremble for the blood may follow?
 If by his arm my hapless father falls,
 Am I not forc'd with rigour to revenge him?
 If Carlos by my father's sword should bleed,
 Am I not bound with double grief to mourn him?
 One gave me life, shall I not revere him?
 The other is my life, can I survive him?

Bel. Her griefs have something of such mournful
 force,

That, tho' not equal to my own, I feel them. [*Aside.*

Xim. Carlos, you see too, shuns my sight; no news,
 No tidings yet arrive, tho' I have sent
 My swiftest fears a thousand ways to find him.
 Who can support these terrors of suspense?

Bel. Be not thus torn with wild uncertain fears;
 Carlos may yet arrive, and save your peace:
 He is too much a lover to resist

The tender pleadings of Ximena's sorrow;
 One word, one sigh from you arrests his arm,
 And makes the tempest of his rage subside.

Xim. And say that I could conquer him with tears,
 And terrors could subdue his piteous heart,
 To yield his honour and its cause to love,
 What will the world not say of his compliance?
 Can I be happy in his fame's disgrace?

Can love subsist on shame, that sprung from honour ?
Shall I reduce him to such hard contempt,
And raise on infamy our nuptial joy ?
Ah, no ! no means are left for my relief :
Let him resist, or yield to my distress,
Or shame or sorrow's sure to meet me.

Bel. Ximena has, I see, a soul refin'd,
Too great, too just, too noble to be happy :
True virtue must despair from this vile world
To crown its days with unallay'd reward.
But see, your servant is return'd—Good news,
Kind Heav'n !

Enter a Page.

Xim. Speak quickly, hast thou seen Don Carlos ?

Page. Madam, where your commands directed me,
I've made the strictest search in vain to find him.

Xim. Now, now, Belzara, where's that hope thou
gav'st me ?

Bel. Nor hast thou gain'd no knowledge of his steps ?
Has no one seen him pass, or heard of him ?

Page. As I return'd, the centinel that guards
The gate inform'd me, that he saw him scarce
Ten minutes hence pass in disorder'd haste
From out this very house alone.

Bel. Alone !

Page. Alone ! and after soon my lord, wrapp'd in
His cloak, without a servant, follow'd him.

Xim. Oh, Heav'n !

Bel. No servant, saidst thou ?

Page. None; and as
My lord came forth, the soldier standing to
His arms, he sign'd forbiddance, and reply'd,
Be sure you saw me not.

Xim. Then ruin's sure;
They are engag'd, and fatal blood must follow.
Excuse, my dear, this hurry of my fate;
One moment lost may prove an age too late. [*Exit.*

Bel. Howe'er my own afflictions press my heart,
I bear a part in poor Ximena's grief;
Tho' e'en the worst that can befall her hopes,
May better be endur'd than what I feel.
Oh, nothing can destroy her lover's truth!
Carlos may prove unhappy, not inconstant;
Whate'er disasters may obstruct her joy,
The comfort of his truth is sure to find her;
That thought ev'n pains of parting may remove,
Or fill up all the space of absence with delight.
But I, alas! am left to my despair alone,
Confin'd to sigh in solitude my woes,
Or hide with anguish what I blush to bear.
In vain the woman's pride resents my wrongs,
Unconquer'd Love maintains his empire still,
And with new force insults my heart's resistance.

Enter ALONZO hastily.

Alon. Your pardon, madam—Have you seen Lord
Gormaz?

I come to warn him that he stir not hence;
The guards are order'd to attend his door.

Bel. Alas, they are too late! Carlos and he
Are both gone forth, 'tis fear'd, with fatal purpose;
And poor Ximena, drown'd in tears, has follow'd
them.

Alon. Then 'tis, indeed, too late—I wish my friend,
The rash Don Sanchez, had not blown this fire.
Be not concern'd, madam; I know your griefs,
And, as a friend, have labour'd to prevent them.
You have not told Ximena of his falsehood?

Bel. Alas, I durst not! knowing that her friendship
Would for my sake so coldly treat his vows,
That 'twould but more provoke him to insult me.

Alon. You judge him right; patience will yet recall
him;

'Tis not his love, but pride, pursues Ximena;
A youthful heat, that with the toil will tire.
Be comforted; I'll still observe his steps,
And when I find him staggering, catch him back
To love, and warm him with his vows of honour.
But duty calls me to the king—Shall I
Attend you, madam?

Bel. Sir, I thank your care.
My near concern for poor Ximena's fate
Keeps me impatient here, till her return. [Exeunt.

Enter KING, GARCIA, SANCHEZ, Attendants.

King. Since mild entreaties fail, our power shall
force him.

Could he suppose his insult to our person offer'd,
His outrage done within our palace walls,

Deserv'd the lenity we've deign'd to shew him ?
Is yet Alonzo with our orders gone ?

Gar. He is, my lord, but not return'd.

D. San. Dread sir,

For what the count has offer'd to Alvarez
I dare not plead excuse ; but as his friend,
Would beg your royal leave to mitigate
His seeming disobedience to your pleasure.
Restraint, however just, oppos'd against
The tide of passion, makes the current fiercer,
Which of itself in time had ebb'd to reason ;
Your will surpris'd him in his heart's emotion,
Ere thought had leisure to compose his mind ;
Great souls are jealous of their honour's shame,
And bend reluctant to enjoin'd submission :
Had your commands oblig'd him to repair
Alvarez' wrongs with hazards in your service,
Were it to face the double number'd foe,
To pass the rapid stream thro' showers of fire,
To force the trenchment, or to storm the breach,
I'll answer he'd embrace with joy the charge,
And march intrepid in commands of honour.

King. We doubt not of his daring in the field ;
But he mistakes, if he concludes from thence,
That to persist in wrong is height of spirit,
Or to have acted wrong is always base :
Perfection's not the attribute of man,
Nor therefore can a fault confess'd degrade him ;
The lowest minds have spirits to offend,
But few can reach the courage to confess it.

Submitting to our will, the count had lost
No fame, nor can we pardon his refusal.
What you have said, Don Sanchez, speaks the friend ;
What we resolve, 'tis fit should speak the king :
We both have said enough—The public now
Requires our thought. We are inform'd ten sail
Of warlike vessels, mann'd with our old foes,
The Moors, were late discover'd off' our coast,
And steering to the river's mouth their course.

Gar. The lives, sir, they have lost in like attempts
Must make them cautious to repeat the danger ;
This is no time to fear them.

King. Nor contemn ;
Too full security has oft been fatal.
Consider with what ease the flood, at night,
May bring them down t' insult our capital.
Let at the port, and on the walls, our guards
Be doubled ; till the morn that force may serve.
Gormaz has tim'd it ill to be in fault,
When his immediate presence is requir'd.

Gar. My liege, Alonzo is return'd.

Enter ALONZO.

King. 'Tis well——
Have you obey'd us ? Is the count confin'd ?
Alon. Your orders, sir, arriv'd unhappily
Too late ; the count, with Carlos, was before
Gone forth, to end their fatal difference :
As I came back, I met the gathering crowd
In fright, and hurrying to the western gate,

To see, as they reported, in the field,
The body of some murder'd nobleman.
Struck with my fears, I hasted to the place,
Where to my sense's horror, when arriv'd,
I found them true, and Gormaz just expir'd ;
While fair Ximena, to adorn the wo,
Bath'd his pale breathless body with her tears,
Calling with cries for justice on his head,
Whose rueful hand had done the barbarous deed.
The pitying crowd took part in her distress,
And join'd her moving plaints for due revenge ;
While some, in kinder feeling of her griefs,
Remov'd the mournful object from her eyes,
And to the neighbouring convent bore the body,
Which, when committed to the abbot's care,
I left the pressing throng to tell the news.

King. Ximena's griefs are follow'd with our own ;
For tho' in some degree the haughty count
Drew on himself the son's too just revenge,
We cannot lose, without a deep concern,
So true a subject, and so brave a soldier :
However pity may for Carlos plead,
Death ends his failings, and demands our grief.

Alon. Sir, here, in the tablets of th' unhappy count,
In his own hand these written lines were found.

King. [*Reading.*] “ Alvarez wrong'd me in my
master's favour ;

Carlos is brave, and has deserv'd Ximena.”
Strange, generous spirit ! now we pity thee.

Alon. Behold, sir, where the lost Ximena comes,
O'erwhelm'd with sorrow, to demand your justice.

Enter XIMENA.

Xim. Oh, sacred sir, forgive my grief's intrusion !
Behold a helpless orphan at your feet,
Who for a father's blood implores your justice.

Enter ALVAREZ, hastily.

Alv. Oh, turn, dread, royal master, turn your eyes,
See on the earth your faithful soldier prostrate,
Whose honour's just revenge entreats your mercy !

Xim. Oh, godlike monarch, hear my louder cries !

Alv. Oh, be not to the old and helpless deaf !

Xim. Revenge yourself, your violated laws.

Alv. Support not violence in rude aggressors.

Xim. Be greatly good, and do the injur'd justice.

Alv. Be greater still, and shew the valiant mercy.

Xim. Oh, sir, your crown's support and guard is
gone !

The impious Carlos' sword has kill'd my father—

Alv. And, like a pious son, aveng'd his own.

King. Rise, fair Ximena, and Alvarez rise !

With equal sorrow we receive your plaints ;

Both shall be heard apart——Proceed, Ximena ;

Alvarez, in your place you speak ; be patient.

Xim. What can I say ? But miseries like mine
May plead with plainest truths their piteous cause.
Is he not dead ? Is not my father kill'd ?

Have not these eyes beheld his ghastly wound,

And mix'd with fruitless tears his streaming blood ?
That blood, which in his royal master's cause
So oft has sprung him through your foes victorious ;
That blood, which all the raging swords of war
Could never reach, a young presumptuous arm
Has dar'd within your view to sacrifice !
These eyes beheld it stream—Excuse my grief ;
My tears will better than my words explain me.

King. Take heart, Ximena ; we're inclin'd to hear
thee.

Xim. Oh, shall a life so faithful to the king
Fall unreveng'd, and stain his glory ?
Shall merit so important to the state
Be left expos'd to sacrilegious rage,
And fall the sacrifice of private passion ?
Alvarez says his honour was insulted ;
Yet, be it so, was there no king to right it ?
Who better could protect it than the donor ?
Shall Carlos wrest the sceptre from your hand,
And point the sword of justice whom to punish ?
Oh, if such outrage may escape with pardon,
Whose life's secure from his self-judging rage ?
Oh, where's protection, if Ximena's tears,
And tender passion could not save her father ?

King. Alvarez, answer her.

Alv. My heart's too full :

Divided, torn, distracted with its griefs,
How can I plead poor Carlos' cause, when I
Am touch'd with pity of Ximena's wo ?
Her suffering piety has caught my soul,

And only leaves me sorrow to defend me :
Ximena has a grief I cannot disallow,
Nor dare I hope for pardon, but your pity ;
Carlos, ev'n yet, may merit some compassion ;
Perhaps I'm partial to his piety,
And see his deeds with a fond father's eye ;
But that I still must leave to royal mercy.
Oh, sir, imagine what the brave endure,
When the chaste front of honour is insulted,
Her fame abus'd, and ravish'd by a blow !
Oh, piercing, piercing must the torture be,
If soft Ximena wanted pow'r t' appease it !
Pardon this weakness of o'erflowing nature ;
I cannot see such filial virtue perish,
And not let fall a tear to mourn its hardship.

Xim. Oh, my divided heart ! Oh, poor Alvarez !

[*Aside.*

King. Compose thy griefs, my good old friend ; we
feel them.

Alv. If Gormaz' blood must be with blood re-
veng'd,

Oh, do not, sacred sir, misplace your justice !
Mine was the guilt, and be on me the vengeance :
Carlos but acted what my sufferings prompted ;
The fatal sword was not his own, but mine ;
I gave it, with my wrongs, into his hand,
Which had been innocent had mine been able.
On me your vengeance will be just and mild ;
My days, alas ! are drawing to their end,
But Carlos spar'd may yet live long to serve you.

Preserve my son, and I embrace my fate ;
 Since he has sav'd my honour from the grave,
 Oh, lay me gently there to rest for ever !

King. Your mutual complaints require our tend'rest
 thought :

Our council shall be summon'd to assist us——
 Look up, my fair, and calm thy sorrows ;
 Thy king is now thy father, and will right thee.
 Alvarez, on his word, has liberty ;
 Be Carlos found to answer to his charge.
 Sanchez, wait you Ximena to her rest,
 Whom, on the morrow's noon, we full will answer.

Hard is the task of justice, where distress

Excites our mercy, yet demands redress.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

XIMENA's Apartment.

BELZARA alone.

SURE some ill-boding planet must preside,
 Malignant to the peace of tender lovers !
 Undone Ximena ! Oh, relentless honour,
 That first subdu'd thy generous heart, then rais'd
 Thy lover's fatal arm to pierce it through
 Thy father's life, and make thy virtue wretched !
 The hapless Carlos too is lost for ever !
 Condemn'd to fly an exile from her sight,

In whom he only lives !——Oh, Heav'n ! he's here !
His miseries have made him desperate.

Enter CARLOS.

Carlos, what wild distraction has possess'd thee,
That thus thou seek'st thy safety in thy ruin ?
Is this a place to hide thy wretched head,
Where justice and Ximena's sure to find thee ?

Car. I would not hide me from Ximena's sight ;
Banish'd from her, I every moment die.
Since I must perish, let her frowns destroy me ;
Her anger's sharper than the sword of justice.

Bel Alas, I pity thee ! but would not have
Thee tempt the first emotions of her heart,
While duty and resentment yet transport her :
I wait each moment her return from court,
Which now, be sure, will be with friends attended.
O fly, for pity's sake, regard her fame,
Should you be seen, what must the world conclude ?
Would you increase her miseries, to have
Malicious tongues report her love conceal'd
Beneath the roof her father's murderer.
But see, she comes ! O, hide thee but a moment !
Kill not her honour too, let that persuade thee.

[Exit Carlos.]

Don Sanchez here ! O, Heavens ! how I tremble.

[Retires.]

Enter Don SANCHEZ and XIMENA.

D. San. This noble conquest, madam, of your love,

To after-ages must record your fame.
 Just is your grief, and your resentment great,
 And great the victim that should fall before it;
 But words are empty succours to distress :
 Therefore command my actions to relieve you.
 Would you have sure revenge, employ this sword,
 My fortune, and my life is yours to right you ;
 Accept my service, and you'll overpay it.

Bel. O faithless, barbarous man ! but I'll divert
 Thy cruel aim, and use my power for Carlos. [*Aside.*

Xim. O, miserable me !

Bel. Take comfort, madam.

D. San. Belzara here ! then I have lost th' occasion ;
 Yet I may urge enough to give her pain : [*Aside.*
 Commanding me, you make your vengeance sure.

Xim. That were t' offend the king, to whom I have
 Appeal'd, and whence I now must only wait it.

D. San. Revenge from justice, madam, moves so
 slow,

That oft the watchful criminal escapes it.
 Appeal to your resentment, you secure it.
 Carlos, you found, would trust no other power,
 And 'tis but just you quit him as he wrong'd you.

Bel. Alas ! Don Sanchez, madam, feels not love,
 He little thinks how Carlos fills your heart ;
 What shining glory in his crime appears ;
 What pangs it cost him to take part with honour ;
 That you must hate the hand that could destroy him.
 Sanchez, to shew the real friend, would use
 His secret int'rest with the king to spare him,

For tho' you're bound in duty to pursue him,
Yet love, alas! would with a conscious joy,
Applaud the power that could unbid preserve him.

Xim. O, kind Belzara! how thou feel'st my sufferings;

Yet I must think Don Sanchez means me well.

D. San. Confusion! how her subtle tongue has
foil'd me—— [Aside.]

Madam, some other time I'll beg your leave
To wait your service, and approve my friendship.

Xim. Oh, every friend but Carlos is at hand
To help me! Grief, sir, is unfit to thank you.

D. San. Oh! if such beauties 'midst her sorrows
shine,

What darting charms must point her smiling eyes.

[Exit.]

Xim. At length I'm free, at liberty to think,
And give my miseries a loose of sorrow.
O, Belzara! Carlos has kill'd my father!
Weep, weep, my eyes, pour down your baleful show'rs,
He that in grief should be my heart's support,
Has wrought my sorrows, and must fall their victim.
When Carlos is destroy'd, what comfort's left me?
Spite of my wrongs, he still inhabits here:
O, still his fatal virtues plead his cause;
His filial honour charms my woman's heart,
And there, ev'n yet, he combats with my father.

Bel. Restrain these headstrong sallies of your heart,
And try with slumbers to compose your spirits.

Xim. O! where's repose for misery like mine?

How grievous, Heaven! how bitter is my portion!
 O, shall a parent's blood cry unreveng'd?
 Shall impious love suborn my heart to pay
 His ashes but unprofitable tears,
 And bury in my shame the great regards of duty?

Bel. Alas! that duty is discharg'd; you have
 Appeal'd to justice, and should wait its course.
 Nor are you bound with rigour to enforce it;
 His hard misfortunes may deserve compassion.

Xim. O! that they do deserve, it is my grief;
 Could I withdraw my pity from his cause,
 Were falsehood, pride, or insolence his crime,
 My just revenge, without a pang, should reach him.
 But as he is supported with excuse,
 Defended by the cries of bleeding honour,
 Whose cruel laws none but the great obey;
 My hopeless heart is tortur'd with extremes,
 It mourns in vengeance, and at mercy shudders.

Bel. O, what will be at last the dire resolve
 Of your afflicted soul?

Xim. There is but one
 Can end my sorrows, and preserve my fame;
 The sole resource my miseries can have
 Is to pursue, destroy; then meet him in the grave.
[Going.]

CARLOS *meets her.*

Amazement! horror! have my eyes their sense?
 Or do my raving griefs create this phantom?

Support me ! help me ! hide me from the vision !
For 'tis not Carlos come to brave my sorrows.

[Carlos kneels.

Bel. O turn your eye in pity of his griefs,
Resign'd, and prostrate at your feet for mercy.

Xim. What will my woes do with me ?

Bel. Now !

Now, conquering love, shoot all thy darts to save him ;
Now snatch the palm from cruel honour's brow ;
Maintain thy empire, and relieve the wretched :
O, hang upon his tongue thy thrilling charms,
To hold her heart, and kill the hopes of Sanchez.

[Exit.

Car. O, pierce not thus with thy offended eyes,
The wretched heart that of itself is breaking.

Xim. Can I be wounded, and not shrink with pain ?
Can I support with temper, him that shed
My father's blood, triumphant in my ruin ?
O, Carlos ! Carlos ! was thy heart of stone ?
Was nothing due to poor Ximena's peace ?
O ! 'twas not thus I felt new pains for thee,
When, at my feet, thy sighs of love were pity'd,
And all hereditary hate forgotten !
Tho' bound in filial honour to insult
Thy flame, I broke through all to crown thy vows,
And bore the censure of my race to save thee :
And am I thus requited ? Left forlorn !
The tender passion of my heart despis'd !
Could not my terrors move one spark of mercy ?

No mild abatement of thy stern revenge?

T' excuse thy crime, or justify my love?

Car. O, hear me but a moment.

Xim. O, my heart!

Car. One mournful word!

Xim. Ah! leave me to despair!

Car. One dying last adieu, then wreak thy vengeance:

Behold the sword that has undone thee.

Xim. Ah! stain'd with my father's blood! O, rueful object!

Car. O, Ximena!

Xim. Take hence that horrid steel,

That, while I bear thy sight, arraigns my virtue.

Car. Endure it rather to support resentment,

T' inflame thy vengeance, and to pierce thy victim:

I am more wretched than thy rage can wish me.

Xim. O, cruel Carlos! in one day thou hast kill'd

The father with thy sword, the daughter with

Thy sight——O, yet remove that fatal object;

I cannot bear the glare of its reproach;

If thou wouldst have me hear thee, hide the cause,

That wounds reflection to our mutual ruin.

Car. Thus I obey——but how shall I proceed?

What words can help me to deserve thy hearing?

How can I plead my wounded honour's cause,

Where injur'd love and duty are my judges?

Or how shall I repent me of a crime,

Which, uncommitted, had deserv'd thy scorn?

Yet think not, O, I conjure thee, think not,

But that I bore a thousand racks of love,
While my conflicting honour press'd for vengeance.
O, I endur'd, submitted ev'n to shame,
Begg'd, as for life, for peaceful reparation !
But all in vain ; like water sprinkled on
A fire, those drops but made him burn the more,
And only added to thy father's fierceness.
Reduc'd, at last, to these extremes of torture,
That I must be, or infamous, or wretched,
I sav'd my honour, and resign'd to ruin.
Nor think, Ximena, honour had prevail'd,
But that thy nobler soul oppos'd thy charms,
And told my heart, none but the brave deserv'd thee.
Now having thus discharg'd my honour's debt,
And wash'd my injur'd father's stains away,
What yet remains of life, is due to love.
Behold the wretch whose honour's fatal fame
Is founded on the ruin of thy peace :
Receive the victim, which thy griefs demand,
Prepar'd to bleed, and bending to the blow.

Xim. O, Carlos, I must take thee at thy word,
But must with equal justice too discharge
My ties of love, as fatal bonds of duty.
O, think not, tho' enforc'd to these extremes,
My heart is yet insensible to thee !
O ! I must thank thee for thy painful pause :
The generous shame thy tortur'd honour bore,
When at my father's feet my sufferings threw thee.
Can I present thee in that dear confusion,
And not with grateful sighs of pity mourn thee ?

I can lament thee, but I dare not pardon ;
 Thy duty done, reminds me of my own ;
 My filial piety, like thine distress'd,
 Compels me to be miserably just,
 And asks my love a victim to my fame :
 Yet think not duty could o'er love prevail,
 But that thy nobler soul assures my heart,
 Thou wouldst despise the passion that could save thee.

Car. Since I must die, let that kind hand destroy me.
 Let not the wretch, once honour'd with thy love,
 Thy Carlos, once thought worthy of thy arms,
 Be dragg'd a public spectacle to justice :
 To draw the irksome pity of a crowd,
 Who may with vulgar reason call thee cruel.
 My death from thee will elevate thy vengeance,
 And shew, like mine, thy duty scorn'd assistance.

Xim. Shall I then take assistance? and from thee?
 Accept that vengeance from thy heart's despair?
 No, Carlos, no!
 I will not judge, like thee, my private wrongs,
 But to the course of justice trust my duty,
 Which shall, in ev'ry part, untainted flow ;
 Unmix'd with gain'd advantage o'er thy love,
 And from its own pure fountain raise my glory.

Car. O, can my death with shame advance that glory?
 Can I do more than perish to appease thee?
 Can my misfortunes too have reach'd thy hate?

Xim. Can hate have part in interviews like this?
 Nay, can I give thee greater proof of love,
 Than that I trust my vengeance with thy honour?

Art not thou now within my power to seize ?
Yet I'll release thee, Carlos, on thy word.
Give me thy word, that on the morrow noon,
Before the king in person thou wilt answer,
And take the shelter of the night to leave me.

Car. O, thou hast found the way to fix my ruin !
It must be so, thou shalt have ample vengeance,
Pursu'd by thee, my life's not worth the saving ;
But then that fatal honour, my engagement,
That at the hour propos'd I'll meet my fate——
But must we part, Ximena, like sworn foes ?
Has love no sense of all its perish'd hopes ?
Dismiss my miseries at least with pity :
May I not breathe upon this injur'd bosom
One parting sigh to ease my wounded soul,
And loose the anguish of a broken heart ?

Xim. Support me, Heaven—we meet again to-mor-
row.

Car. To-morrow we must meet like enemies,
Thy piercing eyes, relentless in revenge,
And all the softness of thy heart forgotten ;
This only moment is our life of love.
O, take not from this little interval,
The poor expiring comfort that is left me.

[*Xim. weeps.*]

My heart's confounded with thy soft compassion,
And dotes upon the virtue that destroys me.

Xim. O ! I shall have the start of thee in wo ;
Thou canst but fall for her thou lov'st ; but what
Must she endure that loves thee—and destroys thee ?

Yet, Carlos, take this comfort in thy fate,
That if the hand of justice should o'ertake thee,
Thy mournful urn shall hold Ximena's ashes.

Car. O, miracle of love!

Xim. O, mortal sorrow!

But haste, O leave me while my heart's resolv'd;
Fly, fly me, Carlos, lest thou taint my fame;
Lest in this ebbing rigour of my soul,
I tell thee, tho' I prosecute thy fate,
My secret wish is, that my cause may fail me.

Car. O, spirit of compassion! O, Ximena!
What pangs and ruin have our parents cost us?
Farewell, thou treasure of my soul, O stay!
Take not at once my short-liv'd joys away.
While thus I fix me on thy mournful eyes,
Let my distresses to extremes arise:
Thy victim's now secure; for thus to part,
I sate thy vengeance with a broken heart. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ALVAREZ, with Noblemen, Officers, and others.

1 Nob. These few, my lord, are on my part engag'd;
In half an hour Don Henrique de Las Torres,
With sixty more, will wait upon your cause,
Resolv'd, and ready, all like us, to right you:
Since the just quarrel of your house must live,
Since the brave blood of Carlos is pursu'd,
The race of Gormaz shall attend his ashes.

Alv. My lord, this mark of your exalted honour
Will bind me ever grateful to your friendship:
Tho' I still hope the mercy of the King

Will spare the criminal, whose guilt is honour.
The service I have done the state has found
A bounteous master always to reward it;
Nor am I yet so wedded to my rest,
But that I still can, on occasion, break it.
The Moors are anchored now within the river,
And, as I'm told, near landing to insult us——
Wherefore, I would entreat you at this time,
To wave my private danger for the public.
Since chance has form'd us to so brave a body,
Let us not part inactive to our honour;
Let's seize this glad occasion of th' alarm,
Let's chase these robbers in our king's defence,
And bravely merit, not demand his mercy.

1 *Nob.* Alvarez may command us, who is still
Himself, and owns no cause unmix'd with honour.

Enter a Servant, who whispers ALVAREZ.

Alv. How, now! the news.

Just enter'd, and alone!

O, Heav'n, my pray'rs are heard! my noble friends,
Something to our present purpose has occur'd;
Let me entreat you, forward to the garden,
Where you will find a treble number of
Our forces assembl'd on the like occasion;
Myself will in a moment bring you news,
That will confirm and animate our hopes. [*Ex. Nob.*]

Enter CARLOS.

My Carlos! O, do I live once more t' embrace thee,

Prop of my age, and guardian of my fame !
Nor think, my champion, that my joy's thus wild,
For that thou only hast reveng'd my honour,
(Tho' that's a thought might bless me in the grave) :
No, no, my son, for thee am I transported ;
Alas ! I am too sensible what pains
Thy heart must feel from anguish of thy love ;
And had I not new hopes that will support thee,
Some present prospect of thy pain's relief,
My sense of thy afflictions would destroy me.

Car. What means this kind compassion of my griefs ?
Is there on earth a cure for woes like mine ?
O, sir, you are so tenderly a father,
So good, I can't repent me of my duty :
Be not, however, jealous of my fame,
If yet I mix your transports with a sigh,
For ruin'd love and for the lost Ximena :
For since I drag, with my despair, my chain,
Her sated vengeance only can relieve me.

Alv. No more depress thy spirits with despair,
While glory and thy country's cause should wake it ;
The Moors, not yet expected, are arriv'd,
The tide and silent darkness of the night
Lands, in an hour, their forces at our gates :
The court's dismay'd, the people in alarm,
And loud confusion fills the frightened town.
But Fortune, ere this public danger reach'd us,
Had rais'd five hundred friends, the foes of Gormaz,
Whose swords resolve to vindicate thy vengeance,
And here without expect thee at their head.

Forward, my son, their number soon will swell,
Sustain the brunt and fury of the foe.
And if thy life's so painful to be borne,
Lay it at least with honour in the dust,
Cast it not fruitless from thee; let thy king
First know its value ere his laws demand it——
But time's too precious to be talk'd away.
Advance, my son, and let thy master see,
What he has lost in Gormaz, is redeem'd in thee.

Car. Relenting Heaven at last has found the means
To end my miseries with guiltless honour.
Why should I live a burthen to myself,
A trouble to my friends, a terror to Ximena?
Not all the force of mercy, or of merit,
Can wash a father's blood from her remembrance,
Or reconcile the horror to her love.
Yet I'll not think her duty so severe,
But that to see me fall my country's victim
Would please her passion, tho' it shock'd her ven-
geance.

It must be so——Dying with honour, I
Discharge the son, the subject, and the lover.
O! when this mangled body shall be found,
A bare and undistinguish'd carcase, 'midst the slain,
Will she not weep in pity of my wrongs,
And own her wounds have ample expiation?
Her duty then may with a secret tear,
Confess her vengeance great, and glorious my despair.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter BELZARA.

Belzara.

VICTORIOUS Carlos, now resume thy hopes,
Demand thy life, and silence thy Ximena.
Hard were thy fate indeed, if she alone
Should be the bar to triumphs nobly purchas'd.
But see, she comes, with mournful pomp of wo,
To prosecute this darling of the people,
And damp with ill-tim'd griefs the public joy.

Enter XIMENA *in mourning, attended.*

Ximena! Oh! I more than ever now
Deplore the hard afflictions that pursue thee;
While thy whole native country is in joy,
Art thou the only object of despair?
Is this a time to prosecute thy cause,
When public gratitude is bound t' oppose thee?
When on the head of Carlos, which thy griefs
Demand, Fortune has pour'd protection down?
The Moors repuls'd, his country sav'd from rapine,
His menac'd king confirm'd upon his throne,
From every heart but thine, will find a voice
To lift his echoed praises to the Heavens.

Xim. Is't possible? Are all these wonders true?
Am I the only mark of his misdoing?
Could then his fatal sword transpierce my father,

Yet save a nation to defeat my vengeance?
Still as I pass, the public voice extols
His glorious deeds, regardless of my wrongs;
The eye of pity, that but yesternight
Let fall a tear in feeling of my cause,
Now turns away, retracting its compassion,
And speaks the general grudge at my complaining.
But there's a king, whose sacred word's his law;
Supported by that hope, I still must on,
Nor, till by him rejected, can be silent.

Bel. Your duty should recede, when public good
Must suffer in the life your cause pursues.

Xim. But can it be? Was it to Carlos' sword
The nation thus transported owes its safety?
O, let me taste the pleasure and the pain!
Tell me, Belzara, tell me all his glory;
O, let me surfeit on the guilty joy,
Delight my passion, and torment my virtue.

Bel. Alonzo, who was present, will inform us.

Enter ALONZO.

Alonzo, if your business will permit.

Alon. The abbot, at whose house Count Gormaz lies,
Has sent in haste to speak with me; I guess,
To fix the order of his funeral. [*Aside to Belzara.*

Bel. Spare us at least a moment from th' occasion,
Ximena has not yet been fully told
The action of our late deliverance;
The fame of Carlos may compose her sorrows.

Alon. Permit the action then to praise itself.

Late in the night, at Lord Alvarez' house,
Five hundred friends were gather'd in his cause,
T' oppose the vengeance that pursu'd his son;
But in the common danger, brave Alvarez,
With valiant Carlos at their head, preferr'd
The public safety to their private honour,
And march'd with swords determin'd 'gainst the
Moors.

This brave example, ere they reach'd the harbour,
Increas'd their numbers to three thousand strong.

Bel. Were the Moors landed ere you reach'd the
port?

Alon. Not till some hours after. When we arriv'd,
Our troops were form'd, Ximena was the word,
And Carlos foremost to confront the foe.
The Moors not yet in view, he order'd first
Two thirds of our divided force to lie
Conceal'd i' th' hatches of our ships in harbour;
The rest, whose numbers every moment swell'd,
Halted with Carlos, on the shore, impatient,
And silent on their arms reposing, pass'd,
The still remainder of the wasting night.
At length the brightness of the moon presents
Near twenty sail approaching with the tide;
Our order still observ'd, we let them pass;
Nor at the port, or walls, a man was seen.
This deadness of our silence wings their hopes
To seize th' occasion, and surprise us sleeping,
And now they disembark, and meet their fate.
For at the instant they were half on shore.

Uprose the numbers in our ships conceal'd,
And to the vaulted Heaven thunder'd their huzzas,
Which Carlos echo'd from his force on shore :
At this amaz'd, confusion seiz'd their troops,
And ere their chiefs could form them to resist,
We press'd them on the water, drove them on
The land, then fir'd their ships to stop their flight :
Howe'er, at length, their leaders bravely rallying,
Recover'd them to order, and a while
Sustain'd their courage, and oppos'd our fury :
But, when their burning ships began to flame,
The dreadful blaze presenting to their view
Their slaughter'd heaps that fell where Carlos fought,
(For O, he fought as if to die were victory)
Their fruitless courage then resign'd their hopes ;
And now their wounded king, despairing, call'd
Aloud, and hail'd our general to surrender,
Whom Carlos answering, receiv'd his prisoner.
At this, the rest had on submission quarter,
Our trumpets sound, and shouts proclaim our victory :
While Carlos bore his captive to his father,
Whose heart transported at the royal prize,
Dropp'd tears of joy, and to the king convey'd him ;
Where now he's pleading for his son's distress,
And asks but mercy for his glorious triumph. [*Exit.*]

Xim. Too much ! it is too much, relentless Heav'n !
Th' oppression's greater than my soul can bear !
O, wounding virtue ! O, my tortur'd heart !
Art only thou forbidden to applaud him ?
Cannot a nation sav'd appease thy vengeance ?

Why, why, just Heaven ! are his deeds so glorious,
And only fatal to the heart that loves him ?

Bel. Compose, Ximena, thy disorder ; see,
The king approaches, smiling on Alvarez,
Whose heart o'erflowing, gushes at his eyes,
And speaks his plea too strong for thy complaint.

Xim. Then sleep, my love, and virtue arm t' oppose
him ;

Let me look backward on his fatal honour,
Survey this mournful pomp of his renown,
These woful trophies of his conquer'd love,
That thro' my father's life pursu'd his fame,
And made me in his nuptial hopes an orphan :
O, broken spirit ! wouldst thou spare him now,
Think on thy father's blood ! exert the daughter,
Suppress thy passion, and demand thy victim.

Enter KING, ALVAREZ, SANCHEZ, &c.

King. Dismiss thy fears, my friend, and man thy
heart,

For while his actions are above reward,
Mercy's of course included in the debt.
Our ablest bounty's bankrupt to his merit :
Our subjects rescu'd from so fierce a foe,
The Moors defeated, ere the rude alarm
Allow'd us time to order our defence,
Our crown protected, and our sceptre fix'd,
Are actions that secure acknowledgment.

Alv. My tears, sir, better than my words will thank
you.

Enter GARCIA.

Gar. Don Carlos, sir, without attends your pleasure,
And comes surrender'd as his word engag'd,
To answer the appeal of fair Ximena.

King. Attend him to our presence.

Xim. O, my heart!

King. Ximena, with compassion we shall hear thee,
But must not have thy griefs arraign our justice,
If in his judge thou find'st an advocate :
Not less his virtues, than thy wrongs will plead.

Xim. O, fainting cause! but thus my griefs demand
him. *[Kneeling.]*

*[While the King raises Ximena, enter Alonzo,
and whispers Alvarez.]*

Alv. This instant, say'st thou? Can I leave my son?

Alon. The matter's more important than your stay.
Make haste, my lord.

Alv. What can thy transport mean?
Be plain.

Alon. We have no time to lose in words,
Away, I say.

Alv. Lead on, and ease my wonder. *[Excunt.]*

Enter CARLOS, and kneels to the King.

King. Oh, rise, my warrior, raise thee to my breast,
And in thy master's heart repeat thy triumphs.

Car. These honours, sir, to any sense but mine,
Might lift its transports to ambition's height;
But while Ximena's sorrows press my heart,

Forgive me, if despairing of repose,
I taste no comfort in the life she seeks,
And urge the issue of her grief's appeal.

King. Ximena, 'tis most true, has lost a father,
But thou hast sav'd her country from its fate ;
And the same virtue that demands thy life,
Owes more than pardon to the public weal.

Xim. My royal lord, vouchsafe my griefs a hearing;
Oh, think not, sir, because my spirits faint,
That the firm conscience of my duty staggers.
The criminal I charge has kill'd my father ;
And, tho' his valour has preserv'd the state,
Yet every subject is not wrong'd like me,
Therefore, with ease, may pardon what they feel not :
As he has sav'd a nation from its foe,
The thanks that nation owes him are but just,
And I must join the general voice t' applaud him :
But all the tribute that my heart can spare him,
Is tears of pity ; while my wrongs pursue him,
What more than pity can those wrongs afford ?
What less than justice can my duty ask ?
If public obligations must be paid him,
Let every single heart give equal share :
(Carlos has prov'd, that mine is not ungrateful)
But must my duty yield such disproportion ?
Must on my heart a father's blood be levy'd,
And my whole ruin pay the public thanks ?
If blood for blood might be before demanded,
Is it less due, because his fame's grown greater ?

Shall virtue, that should guard, insult your laws,
And tolerate your passions to infringe 'em?
If to defend the public, may excuse
A private wrong, how is the public safe?
How is the nation from a foe preserv'd,
If ev'ry subject's life is at his mercy?
My duty, sir, has spoken, and kneels for judgment.

Car. Oh, noble spirit, how thou charm'st my sense,
And giv'st my heart a pleasure in my ruin. [*Aside.*

King. Raise thee, Ximena, and compose thy thoughts,
As thou to Carlos' deeds hast spoke impartial,
So to thy virtue, that pursues him, we
Must give an equal plaudit of our wonder:
But we have now our duty to discharge,
Which, far from blaming, shall exalt thy own:
If thy chaste fame, which we confess sublime,
Compels thy duty to suppress thy love,
To raise yet higher than thy matchless glory,
Prefer thy native country to them both,
And to thy public tears resign thy victim.
Where a whole people owe their preservation,
Shall private justice do a public wrong,
And feed thy vengeance with the general sorrow?

Xim. Is then my cause the public's victim?

King. No.

We've yet a hope to conquer thy resentment,
And rather would compose than silence it:
For if our arguments seem yet too weak
To guard thy virtue from the least reproach,
Behold the generous sanction that protects it;

Read there the pardon which thy father gives him,
And with his dying hand assigns thy beauties.

Xim. My father's pardon!

King. Read, and raise thy wonder.

Xim. [*Reads.*] "Alvarez wrong'd me in my master's favour,

Carlos is brave, and has deserv'd Ximena."

Car. Oh, soul of honour! now lamented victory!

King. Now, fair Ximena, now resume thy peace,
Reduce thy vengeance to thy father's will,
And join the hand his honour has forgiven.

Xim. All-gracious Heaven! have my swollen eyes
their sense?

D. San. Oh, tottering hope! but I have yet a thought
That will compel her virtue to pursue him.

Xim. Why did you shew me, sir, this wounding
goodness?

This legacy, tho' fit for him to leave,
Would in his daughter be reproach to take;
Honour unquestion'd may forgive a foe,
But who'll not doubt it when it spares a lover?
If you propos'd to mitigate my griefs,
You should have hid this cruel obligation.
Why would you set such virtues in my view,
And make the father dearer than the lover?

King. Since with such rigour thou pursu'st thy
vengeance,

And what we meant should pacify, provokes it,
Attend submissive to our last resolve:
For since thy honour's so severely strict,

As not to ratify thy father's mercy,
We'll right at once thy duty and thy lover :
Give thee the glory of his life pursu'd,
And seal his pardon to reward thy virtue.

Xim. Avert it, Heaven, that e'er my guilty heart
Should impiously insult a father's grave,
And yield his daughter to the hand that kill'd him.

D. San. Unnatural thought ! Madam, suppress
your tears,
Your murder'd father was my dearest friend ;
Permit me, therefore, on your sinking cause,
To offer an expedient may support it.

Xim. Whatever right or justice may, I am bound
In duty to pursue, and thank your friendship.

D. San. Thus then to royal justice I appeal,
And in Ximena's right her advocate,
Demand from Carlos your reverse of pardon.

King. What means thy transport ?

D. San. Sir, I urge your laws ;
And since her duty's forc'd to these extremes,
There's yet a law from whence there's no appeal,
A right, which e'en your crown's oblig'd to grant her,
The right of combat, which I here demand,
And ask her vengeance from a champion's sword.

Car. Oh, sacred sir, I cast me at your feet,
And beg your mercy would relieve my woes ;
Since her firm duty is inflexible,
Consign her victim to the braver sword.
Grant this expedient to acquit my crime,
Or silence with my arm her heart's reproaches :

Oh, nothing is so painful as suspense ;
This way our griefs are equally reliev'd,
Her duty's full discharg'd, your justice crown'd,
And conquest must attend superior virtue.

King. This barbarous law, which yet is unrepeal'd,
Has often against right gross wrongs supported,
And robb'd our state of many noble subjects ;
Nor ever was our mercy tempted more
T' oppose its force, than in our care for Carlos :
But since his peace depends upon his love,
And cruel love insists upon its right,
We'll trust his virtues to the chance of combat,
And let his fate reproach, or win Ximena.

Xim. What unforeseen calamities surround me !

King. Ximena ! now no more complain, we grant
Thy suit ; but where's this champion of thy cause ?
Whose appetite of honour is so keen,
As to confront in arms this laurell'd brow,
And dare the shining honours of his sword ?

D. San. Behold th' assailant of this glorious hero ;
Your leave, dread sir, thus to appel him forth.

[*Draws.*

Bel. Hold, heart, and spare me from the public
shame.

[*Aside.*

D. San. Carlos, behold the champion of Ximena,
Behold th' avenger of brave Gormaz' blood,
Who calls thee traitor to thy injur'd love,
Ungrateful to the sighs that pitied thee,
And proudly partial to thy father's falsehood :

These crimes my sword shall prove upon thy heart,
And to defend them dares thee to the combat.

Car. Open the lists, and give th' assailant room,
There on his life my injur'd sword shall prove,
This arm ne'er drew it but in right of honour.
First, for thy slander, Sanchez, I defy thee,
And throwing to thy teeth the traitor's name,
Will wash the imputation with thy blood;
And prove thy virtue false as is thy spirit:
For not Ximena's cause, but charms have fir'd thee,
Vainly thou steal'st thy courage from her eyes,
And basely stain'st the virtue that subdu'd her.

D. San. Oh, that thy fame in arms——

King. Sanchez, forbear——

'Tis not your tongues must arbitrate your strife,
Let in your lists, your vauntings be approv'd.
Whose arm, Ximena, shall defend your cause?

Xim. Oh, force of duty! sir, the arm of Sanchez.

D. San. My word's my gage.

King. 'Tis well, the lists are set,——

Let on the morn the combatants be cited,
And, Felix, you be umpire of the field.

Car. The valiant, sir, are never unprepar'd.
Oh, sir, at once relieve my soul's suspense,
And let this instant hour decide our fate.

D. San. This moment, sir,—I join in that with
Carlos.

King. Since both thus press it, be it now decided.
Carlos, be ready at the trumpet's call;

You, Felix, when the combat's done, conduct
The victor to our presence—Now, Ximena,
As thou art just or cruel in thy duty,
Expect the issue will reward or grieve thee.
Sanchez, set forward—Carlos, we allow
Thy pitied love a moment with Ximena.

[*Exit King and train.*

D. San. A fruitless moment that must prove his last.

[*Exit.*

Car. Ximena! Oh, permit me ere I die,
To tell thy heart, thy hard unkindness kills me.

Xim. Ah, Carlos, can thy complaints reproach my duty,
Nay, art thou more than Sanchez is, in danger?

Car. Or thou more injur'd than thy hapless father,
Whose greater heart forgave my sense of honour?
Thou canst not think I speak regarding life,
Which, hopeless of thy love's not worth my care;
But, oh! it strikes me with the last despair,
To think that lov'd Ximena's heart had less
Compassion than my mortal enemy;
My life had then indeed been worth acceptance,
Had thy relenting throes of pity sav'd it:
But, as it is pursu'd to these extremes,
Thus made the victim of superfluous fame,
And doom'd the sacrifice of filial rigour,
These arms shall open to thy champion's sword,
And glut the vengeance that supports thy glory.

Xim. Hast thou no honour, Carlos, to defend?

[*Trembling.*

Car. How can I lose what Sanchez cannot gain?

For where's his honour where there's no resistance?
Is it for me to guard Ximena's foe,
Or turn outrageous on the friendly breast,
Which her distressful charms have warn'd to right her

Xim. Oh, cruel Carlos! thus to rack my heart
With hard reproaches, that thou know'st are ground-
less;

Why dost thou talk thus cruelly of death,
And give me terrors unconceiv'd before?
What tho' my force of duty has pursu'd thee,
Hast thou not left thy courage to defend thee?
Oh, is thy quarrel to our race reviv'd?
Couldst thou, to right thy honour, kill my father,
And now not guard it, to destroy Ximena?

Car. Oh, heav'nly sound! Oh, joy unfelt before!

Xim. Oh, is my duty then not thought compulsive?
Canst thou believe I'm pleas'd while I pursue thee?
Or think'st thou I'm not pleas'd the king preserv'd
thee?

And that thy courage yet may ward my vengeance?
Oh, if thou knew'st what transports fill'd my heart,
When first I heard the Moors had fled before thee,
Thy love would feel confusion for my shame,
And scarce forgive the passion thou reproachest.
Oh, Carlos, guard thy life, and save Ximena!

Car. And save Ximena! Oh, thou hast fir'd my
heart

With animated love, and sav'd thy Carlos!

[*Sound trumpets.*]

But hark, the trumpet calls me to the list!

Xim. May Heav'n's high care, and all its angels
guard thee!

Car. Words would but wrong my heart, my sword
shall speak it.

Sanchez, I come, impatient to chastise
Thy love, which makes thee now the criminal :
I might have spar'd thee had the rival slept,
But boldly thus avow'd, thou'rt worth my sword—
Tis said the lion, tho' distress'd for food,
Espying on the turf the huntsman sleeping,
Restrains his hunger, and forbears the prey ;
But when his rousing foe, alarm'd and ready,
Uplifts his jav'lin brandish'd to assail him,
The generous savage then erects his crest,
Grinds his sharp fangs, and with fierce eyes inflam'd,
Surveys him worthy of his rage defy'd,
Furious uprearing rushes on the game,
And crowns at once his vengeance and his fame. [*Ex.*]

Xim. Oh, glorious spirit! Oh, hard-fated virtue!
With what reluctance has my heart pursu'd thee?

Bel. Was ever breast like mine with wo divided?
I fear the dangers of the faithless Sanchez,
And tremble more for his dread sword's success :
Should Carlos fall, what stops him from Ximena?
Keep down my sighs, or seem to rise for her. [*Aside.*]

Xim. Tell me, Belzara, was my terror blameful?
Might not his passion make my heart relent,
And feel, at such a time, a pang to save him?

Bel. So far was your compassion from a crime,
That 'tis th' exalted merit of your duty :

Had Carlos been a stranger to your heart,
 Where were the virtue that your griefs pursu'd him?
 Were it no pain to lose him, where the glory?
 The sacrifice that's great, must first be dear;
 The more you love, the nobler is your victim.

Xim. Thy partial friendship sees not sure my fault;
 I doubt my youthful ignorance has err'd,
 And the strict matron, rigidly severe,
 May blame this weakness of my woman's heart;
 But let her feel my trial first, and if
 She blames me then, I will repent the crime.

[*Sound trumpet at a distance.*]

Hark, hark the trumpet! Oh, tremendous sound!
 Belzara, oh, the combat is began!
 The agonizing terror shakes my soul:
 Help me, support me with thy friendly comforts;
 Oh, tell me what my duty owes a parent,
 And warm my wishes in his champion's favour!—
 Oh, Heav'n, it will not, will not be! my heart
 Rebels, and spite of me inclines to Carlos,
 Who now again, in Sanchez, fights my father;
 Now he attacks him, presses, now retreats,
 Again recovers, and resumes his fire,
 Now grows too strong, and is at last triumphant!

Bel. Restrain thy thoughts, collect thy constancy,
 Give not thy heart imaginary wounds;
 Thy virtue must be Providence's care.

Xim. Oh, guard me, Heav'n! help me to support
 it—Ah!

[*Trumpets and shouts.*]

'Tis done! the dreadful shouts proclaim the victor:

If Carlos conquers, still I've lost a father ;
And if he perishes, then—die Ximena.

Bel. Conquer who may, no hope supports Belzara.
[*Aside.*

Enter GARCIA.

Came you, Don Garcia, from the combat ?

Gar. Madam,

The king, to shew he disapproves the custom,
Forbade his own domestics to be present. [*Shouts nearer.*
But I presume 'tis done ; these shouts confirm it :
Hence from this window we may guess the victor.

Xim. Oh, tell me quickly, while I've sense to hear
thee !

Gar. Oh, Heav'n ! 'tis Sanchez ! I see him with his
sword,

In triumph pressing thro' the crowd his way.

Xim. Sanchez !—thou'rt sure deceiv'd. Oh, bet-
ter yet

Inform thy dazzled eyes !

Gar. 'Tis certain he ;

For now he stops, and seems to warn them back :
The crowd retires, I see him plain, and now
He mounts the steps that lead to this apartment.

Xim. Then, fatal vengeance, thou art dearly sated.
Now love unbounded may o'erflow my heart,
And Carlos' fate without a crime be mourn'd.
Oh, Sanchez, if poor Carlos told me true,
If 'twas thy love, not honour, fought my cause,

Thy guilt has purchas'd with thy sword my scorn,
And made thy passion wretched as Ximena.

Bel. Oh, Heav'n support her nobler resolution!
But see, he comes to meet the disappointment.

Enter Don SANCHEZ, and lays his Sword at XIMENA'S Feet.

D. San. Madam, this sword, that in your cause was
drawn——

Xim. Stain'd with the blood of Carlos, kills Ximena.

D. San. I come to mitigate your griefs.

Xim. Avaunt, avoid me, wing thee from my sight!
Oh, thou hast giv'n me for revenge despair,
Hast ravish'd with thy murderous arm my peace,
And robb'd my wishes of their dearest object!

D. San. Hear me but speak——

Xim. Canst thou suppose 'twill please me
To hear thy pride triumphant, paint my ruin,
Vaunt thy vain prowess, and reproach my sorrows?

D. San. Those sorrows, would you hear my story——

Xim. Hence!

To regions distant as thy soul from joy,
Fly, and in gloomy horrors waste thy life:
Remorse, and pale affliction wait thee to
Thy rest, repose forsake thee, frightful dreams
Alarm thy sleeps, and in thy waking hours,
May woes like mine pursue thy steps for ever.

Bel. Oh, charming rage! how cordially she hates
him!

[*Aside.*

Enter KING.

King. What, still in tears, Ximena? Still complaining?

Cannot thy duty's full discharge content thee?
Repin'st thou at the act of Providence,
And think'st thy cause still wrong'd in Heav'n's decree?

Xim. Oh, far, sir, from my soul be such a thought!
I bow submissive to high Heaven's appointment;
But is affliction impious in its sorrow?
Tho' vengeance to a father's blood was due,
Is it less glorious that I priz'd the victim?
Has nature lost its privilege to weep,
When all that's valuable in life is gone?
Oh, Carlos, Carlos, I shall soon be with thee!

King. Are then these tears for Carlos? Oh, Ximena,

The vanquish'd Sanchez has deceiv'd thy grief,
And made this trial of thy generous heart!
For know, thy Carlos lives, and lives t'adore thee.

Xim. What means my royal lord?

King. Inform her, Sanchez.

D. San. The fortune of the combat I had told before,

Had, sir, her fright endur'd; now hear my speech;
I would have told you, madam, as oblig'd
In honour to the conquering sword of Carlos,
How nobly, for your sake, he spar'd your champion,
When on the earth, succumbent and disarm'd,

I lay : Live, Sanchez, said the generous victor,
 The life that fights Ximena's cause is sacred ;
 Take back thy sword, and at her feet present
 The glorious trophy which her charms have won,
 The last oblation that despair can make her——
 Touch'd with the noble fulness of his heart,
 I flew to execute the grateful charge ;
 But, madam, your affright mistook the victor,
 And your impatient griefs refus'd me audience.

King. Now think, Ximena, one moment think for
 Carlos.

Xim. Oh, love! Oh, persecuted heart !
 Instruct me, Heaven, to support my fame,
 To right my passion, and revere my father.

D. San. And now, with just confusion, sir, I own
 In me 'twas guilty love that drew my sword.
 But since th' event has crown'd a nobler passion,
 I plead the merit of that sword's defeat,
 Regret the error, and entreat for pardon.

King. Sanchez, thy crime is punish'd in itself:
 We late have heard of thy retracted vows,
 Which on thy strict allegiance we enjoin
 Thy honour instantly to ratify——
 Suppress thy tears, Belzara, he shall right thee.

Xim. 'Tis fix'd—a beam of heavenly light breaks
 forth,

And shews my ruin'd peace its last resource.

Gar. Don Carlos, sir, attends your royal pleasure.

King. Has he your leave, Ximena, to approach ?

Xim. Oh, sir, yet hold ! I dare not see him now :

While my depending justice was my guard,
 I saw him fearless from assaults of love;
 But now my vanquish'd vengeance dreads his merit,
 And conscious duty warns me to avoid him.
 Since then my heart's impartial to his virtues,
 Oh, do not call me cruel to his love,
 If I, in reverence to a father's blood,
 Should shut my sorrows ever from his sight!
 For tho' you raise above mankind his merit,
 And I confess it—still he has kill'd my father—
 Nay tho' I grant the fact may plead for mercy,
 Yet 'twould in me be impious to reward it;
 My eyes may mourn, but never must behold him more.
 Yet, ere I part, let, sir, my humblest sense
 Applaud your mercy, and confess your justice.
 Hence to some sacred cloister I'll retire,
 And dedicate my future days to Heav'n—
 'Tis done—Oh, lead me to my peaceful cell,
 One sigh for Carlos—Now, vain world, farewell!
[As Xim. is going off.]

Enter ALVAREZ and ALONZO.

Alv. Turn, turn, Ximena, oh, prepare to hear
 A story will distract thy sense with joy,
 Drive all thy sorrows from thy sinking heart,
 And crown thy duty with triumphant love.
 Pardon, dread sir, this tumult of my soul,
 That carries in my rudeness my excuse;
 Oh, press me not to tell particulars,
 But let my tidings leap at once the bounds

H ij

Of your belief, and in one burst of joy
Inform my royal master, that his crown's support,
My vanquish'd friend, thy father, Gormaz lives ;
He lives in health confirm'd from mortal danger :
These eyes have seen him, these bless'd arms embrac'd him.

The means, th' occasion of his death suppos'd,
Would ask more words than I have breath to utter.
Alonzo knows it all——Oh, where's my Carlos ?

King. Fly, Sanchez, make him with this news thy friend.

Alv. Oh, lead me, lead me to his heart's relief !

[*Exeunt Alv. and San.*]

Xim. Oh, Heav'n ! Alvarez would not sure deceive me.

King. Proceed, Alonzo, and impart the whole ;
Whence was his death so firmly credited,
And his recovery not before reveal'd ?

Alon. My liege, the great effusion of his blood
Had such effect on his deserted spirits,
That I, who saw him, judg'd him quite expir'd :
But when the Abbot, at whose house he lay,
With friendly sorrow wash'd his hopeless wound,
His heaving breast discover'd life's return ;
When calling straight for help, on stricter search,
His wound was found without a mortal symptom :
And when his senses had resum'd their function,
His first words spoke his generous heart's concern
For Carlos and Ximena ; when being told
How far her filial vengeance had pursu'd him,

Is't possible, he cry'd? Oh, Heav'n! then wept,
 And begg'd his life might be one day conceal'd,
 That such exalted merit of her duty
 Might raise her virtue worthy of his love.
 But, sir, to tell you how Alvarez met him,
 What generous reconcilements pass'd between them,
 Would ask more time than public joy could spare.
 Let it suffice, the moment he had heard
 Ximena had appeal'd brave Carlos to the lists,
 We flew with terror to proclaim him living——
 But, sir, so soon the combat follow'd your
 Decree, that, breathless, we arriv'd too late,
 And had not his physicians, sir, prescrib'd
 His wound repose, himself had ventur'd forth
 To throw his errors at your feet for pardon.

King. Not only pardon, but our love shall greet
 him.

Brave Carlos shall himself be envoy of
 Our charge, and gratulate his bless'd recovery—
 Has he your leave, Ximena, now t' approach you?

Xim. My senses stagger with tumultuous joy,
 My spirits hurry to my heart's surprise,
 And sinking nature faints beneath the transport.

Enter ALVAREZ, SANCHEZ, and CARLOS.

King. Look up, Ximena, and complete thy joy.

Xim. My Carlos!—Oh!

Car. Ximena! Oh, my heart! [*Embracing.*

Alv. Oh, Carlos! Oh, Ximena! yet suppress

These transports, till kind Gormaz' hand confirms
them ;

First pay your duty there, haste to his feet,
And let his sanction consecrate your love.

King. Lose not a moment from his sight—Oh, fly !
Tell him his king congratulates his health,
And will with loads of honour crown his virtues ;
Nor in his orisons let him forget
The hand of Heav'n, whose providential care
Has order'd all, the innocent to save,
To right the injur'd, and reward the brave.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by XIMENA.

WELL, SIRs!

*I'M come to tell you, that my fears are over,
I've seen papa, and have secur'd my lover.
And, troth, I'm wholly on our author's side,
For had (as Corneille made him) Gormaz dy'd,
My part had ended as it first begun,
And left me still unmarry'd, and undone,
Or, what were harder far than both—a nun.
The French, for form indeed, postpones the wedding,
But gives her hopes within a year of bedding.
Time could not tie her marriage-knot with honour,
The father's death still left the guilt upon her :
The Frenchman stopp'd her in that forc'd regard,
The bolder Briton weds her in reward :
He knew your taste would ne'er endure their billing
Should be so long deferr'd, when both were willing.
Your formal Dons of Spain an age might wait,
But English appetites are sharper set.
'Tis true, this difference we indeed discover,
That, though like lions you begin the lover,
To do you right, your fury soon is over.*

*Beside, this scene thus chang'd, the moral bears,
That virtue never of relief despairs :
But while true love is still in plays ill-fated,
No wonder you gay sparks of pleasure hate it—
Bloodshed discourages what should delight you,
And from a wife, what little rubs will fright you !
And virtue not consider'd in the bride,
How soon you yawn, and curse the knot you've ty'd !
How oft the nymph, whose pitying eyes give quarter,
Finds in her captive she has caught a Tartar !
While to her spouse, that once so high did rate her,
She kindly gives ten thousand pounds to hate her.
So, on the other side, some sighing swain,
That languishes in love whole years in vain,
Impatient for the feast, resolves he'll have her,
And in his hunger vows he'll eat for ever ;
He thinks of nothing but the honey-moon,
But little thought he could have din'd so soon.
Is this not true ? Speak, dearics of the pit,
Don't you find too how horribly you're bit ?
For the instruction, therefore, of the free,
Our author turns his just catastrophe.
Before you wed, let love be understood,
Refine your thoughts, and chase it from the blood :
Nor can you then of lasting joys despair,
For when that circle holds the British fair,
Your hearts may find heroic daughters there.*

THE END.









